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The TRUE and GENUIN

L E G Y
O F

Matthew Gun Bookseller,

Who departed, &c.

GUN is *discharg'd* of Life, Death was much quicker;
He came in haste, and pull'd away this TRICKER;
Then since he's gone away, why may we not
Instead of dead, say he has *paid his Shot*;
Death's *Powder* is more black than any Char.Coal,
For now we find poor Gun is in a dark Hole.

Poor *Mat* has often Volumes *bound* in Store,
But ne'er was *bound* so ill himself before;
Alive in *Calf-Skin* he was neatly *Bound*,
Now like a *Rum in Wood*, he's under Ground;
Death *turn'd him o'er and o'er* at his last Gasps,
His *Finis* Read and shut him up in *Glasps*.
In his own Books he might his Fate foresee,
They felt the *Teeth of Worms*, and so will He:
Yet He preserv'd great *Kokerman* and *Ramus*,
Made *Scheibler*, *Smig* and *Deradon* so Famous:
Fanatick Writers on his Shelves did rise,
But now alas! they'll fall to *Tarts and Pies*!

But why shou'd we forget his Elocution;
When he discanted on the *Revolution*;
His Words came thro' his Mouth *as thick as Hops*,
Just as if all his Books spoke thro' his Chops.
His Words confus'd pass'd thro' those Chops of Leather;
Like different *Pamphlets* all Bound up together.

To wheedle *School-boys* was his greatest Art,
Cou'd Metamorphose *Ovid* to a Tart,
And like the Antient Artist he cou'd put
The *Iliad* when he pleas'd within a Nut.
Horace and *Virgil* he abus'd as *Rums*,
And taught the Lads to change 'em all for Plums:
Thus while himself his honest Gain was earning,
He taught the School-boys to *digest their Learning*.

E P I T A P H.

REader my Name was *Matthew Gun*,
I've lost my *Stock* and out I've run;
I hope it cannot be denied
But that I *liv'd*, and that I *died*:
My choicest Books were never Read;
Few listn'd e'er to what I said;
And So their Fate the same with mine is,
You Read their Title-Page and

FINIS.

From my Death Bed, January 20th 1723-4. This is my true
ELEGY and no other. Matthew Gun.